

THE  
**Dutchess of Portsmouths**  
AND  
**Count Coningsmarks**  
**F A R W E L**  
TO  
**ENGLAND.**

**B**Ut are you gone, and gone in good earnest? All ill go with you; may you never return to disturb our Peace; the discourse of the Town is various, some say a Plotter and a Murtherer are gone hand in hand; if it be so, they need not Ballance their Ship, for their Sins are so weighty, that it's well for them if the Mariners do not cry out, they have got a *Jonas* and a *Jezabel* aboard: when the Billows rage, the winds blow rough, the Seas Foam, the Ship dances, and the Seamen roar, oh what would they give for a Whale to carry them on Shore! I dare say one would give his embroidered Coat, and the other would give even all her honesty and one of her Barrels of Guinies to boot: if the storm should but awaken her Distemper and his Conscience, they would certainly cry out, that the Vengeance of God doth pursue them; then the one would part with his Confidence upon easie terms, and the other would as easily be perswaded to come to Confession. But I presume the Count makes light account of his frolicksome Voyage, the seeds of Repentance are but *Thynn* in his Breast; but before *Boraskie* drops from his Chains, possibly the wounds of poor Esquire *Thynn* may make him bleed, and he may cry out as *David* did for *Abfalom*, would to God I had died for thee oh *Thynn*. Well, let them alone, let them go, a fair Riddance of them; we have two Tories less then we had, but yet enough to perplex the Kingdom: Long have we lookt for the Dutchesses departure, but she has stuck to us like Birdlime, she has been long a Mote in the Kingdoms Eye, and now the true Protestants cry out, blessed be God <sup>our</sup> Plague is removed! But whilst they sing this Song, millions of skulking Papists are praying to the Virgin *Mary*, and to all the Saints, even to Saint *Coleman*, and Saint *Staly*, for her safe journey and her speedy return. But how pray I,

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That

That she that has long been the English Plague, may now become the French Pestilence; that she that has been our greif, may be their sorrow; that she that has draind our purses of their Coyne and our hearts, of our comforts, may ease us hereafter by her absence, and Plague the Monsieurs by her presence; when she gets as much from *France*, as she has carryed to *France*, then let her come and wellcome, till then let her keep her kind *Lovers* and send us over 10000 despised Protestants instead of her, though we beg to maintain them. As for the pretty little kidd, the silly innocent Lamb, that followed the Ewe, may he go and return in safety; his tender years are not capable of those Villanous practices now on foot; he has not yet imbib'd his Mothers Tenets, nor Scuck'd in the Poyson of her perverse Principles; he's unacquainted with Poysoning, stabbing, Shooting, and massacring; pray Heavens he be not gone over to learn their Trade, his early years are unacquainted with Plots, and Conspiracies; he hardly knows a Preist from a Jesuit nor a Jesuit from a Devil; but ill egging makes ill begging; Cat after kind, the proverb says; I pray God he may have the innocency of his Father, but not the Policy of his Mother, in short, I wish him to be as good as handfom; as noble in his actions, as he is great in his Titles. And as for his Illustrious Mother, rather then she should return to add misery to our misery, by some new invented Sham Plots, may the powers above move *Neptune* with his trident to peirce the Ship between wind and water, that she may fairly fall and foully rise; may the sands be her bed, and may she be disappointed of that Splended Tomb, that a Vertuous person of her quality might merit; may she be rockt to and fro, with the waves till one joint refuses to take hold of another; but hold it may be she is gone to *France*, to follow the Countess of *Cleavelands* steps, may be she is weary of a Vicious life, and has betaken her self to a Solitary Retirement, Oh blest my ears with this news; I wish all of her perswasion would retire from our Borders, that we might sit peaceably under our own Vines, and with some content eat the fruit of our own Labours; but I doubt we shall have no such plumbs fall this year. Well, if she comes again, let it be by Night, or else the Tarpollians at *Wapping* will go nigh to stick their Anchors in her Barge; the Scolds of *Bilingsgate* will plague her far more then either Drums or Thunder. The Scullers will be ready to give her a thousand Broadfides, so that if she escapes 999 the odd one may cool her Courage; but if they should fail, how would the swarming Poets (like incensed Bees) sting her to Death? One would have a touch at her Plots; another at her Houses in *Paris*; one would prick at her Guinnies; another at her Religion; and all would strive to make her as little as her Sins have made her great, and so give occasion for some Fool to say,

*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*

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